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MULLER versus MENDELSSOHN.

A very ancient and active, though recently silent correspondent writes to us as follows:—

4, Newman Street.

DEAR WORLD,

I send you the enclosed. It will speak for itself. The letter in the *Morning Chronicle* might, in a questionable taste, appear something like a puff direct—or indirect. But, who can be answerable for the praise—dis, or indiscreet—of a friend. Muller ought not to be answerable. “A prophet in his own country,” &c.,—you know the adage; and Edinburgh like many other places can never forgive itself for suffering one of its own *bastards* to arrive at “lusty manhood” without its own nursing.

Mr. Muller would gladly show you his diary—the account of his studies under the really great and eminent masters he had—his correspondence with the musical worthies of his day; and an evening with him would not be ill-spent, especially, with the accessories of a real cherry-stick-pipe fit for the Sultan himself to smoke!

In haste, and with best wishes,

For ever yours,

W. ASPULL.

Wednesday Morning.

We subjoin Mr. Robert Muller's reply to Mr. Durrner, addressed to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, with his own heading—which, nevertheless, appears to be strange to the matter in hand. But this by the way:—

London, Feb. 11, 1853.

SIR,—A copy of your journal of the 4th instant has been sent me, and my attention drawn to a letter signed J. Durrner. May I request the favour of your inserting the following remarks in answer to that letter?

My contest with Mendelssohn in 1833 is still well remembered in Berlin by artists who assisted in the orchestra at the time; and it is equally well known that my reputation as a pianist in Germany was founded on my “interpretation of Beethoven.” These are the circumstances, I suppose, to which the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* refers.

The article, as given in the *Morning Chronicle*, and copied from it into the Edinburgh papers, would certainly lead one to infer that the correspondent in Berlin is neither a musical person, nor has been assisted by a musical person, if, indeed, as I strongly suspect, “*Synfony in F dur*,” instead of “*Concerto in Es dur*,” be not merely an error in printing. At all events, he wrote from impressions, and to show that these were not unfounded, I forward to you, for your inspection and satisfaction, a diary which I kept at the time, with my remarks on the Concert in question, and the original programme of it; also a letter which I received, on the eve of my late departure from Berlin, from the Austrian Ambassador at that Court.

That both Mendelssohn and myself were competing for the honour in question, and that, however undeservedly, Mr. Moeser preferred me, could be easily proved by writing to Mr. Ganz, and other members of the Royal Orchestra in Berlin.

Mr. J. Durrner best knows what motive influenced him to make this unprovoked attack upon me, of which, but for the kindness of a friend, I might have remained for ever in ignorance. Would he not have attained his avowed object more directly as well as more honourably by addressing the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle* instead of you? “*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*,” is a noble sentiment; and yet in our zeal to vindicate departed worth, we ought to refrain from traducing the living. I had no desire to recal the circumstance to my mind; but, since it has been forced upon me in this way, I must say that, considering the reception which Mendelssohn and his works received in this country, and that I was the first pianist of Great Britain who then appeared before a German public, the conduct of the great man on that occasion displayed but equivocal good taste and feeling; and I think the same, at least, may be said of Mr. J. Durrner, a person who is entirely indebted to me for the production of Beethoven's “*Egmont*,” with my English version, at his concert last year, and who has thought fit to requite the courtesy in this singular manner.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

ROBT. MULLER.

We do not find that Mr. Muller has improved his position by this letter. He would certainly have done better to let the matter rest. The more it is stirred, the worse will be its perfume. The contest between Mr. Muller and Mendelssohn is amusing. We say this without disrespect to the former, who, however, should have more respect for himself, as an artist, not to say for the memory of the greatest musician of our time—the greatest player as well as the greatest composer—than to bring himself before the public in a position to which he can possibly have no claim. The dark hint about the behaviour of Mendelssohn to Mr. Muller, will be rated at its true significance. The liberality of the author of *Elijah* to all artists of merit, and, let us add, to English artists especially, is remembered by too many with the liveliest gratitude, for any obscure aspersion to make the world think of him otherwise than as he was. He was as kind and generous as he was great; and his genius was not larger than his heart. Instead of a mysterious allusion, Mr. Muller should have stated facts openly and fearlessly. The compliment to Mr. Moeser, is not flattering to the intelligence of that gentleman, who, in preferring Mr. Muller to Mendelssohn, proved himself either ignorant, or something less pardonable.

We regret to be compelled to allude once more to this subject. It gives us pain to offend the *amour propre* of any

artist; but the name and memory of Mendelssohn are too sacred to be trifled with. We are compelled, moreover, to regard the whole transaction in the light of a friendly but ill-considered puff on the part of the Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, who, being doubtless entirely misinformed on musical matters, did not know what the precise difference between one musician and another might be, even though one should be called Mendelssohn, and the other Muller. We have endeavoured to instruct him—Mr. Durrner, of Edinburgh, having apparently essayed that task in vain. We thank that gentleman, however, in the name of all who love their art, for the manly way in which he vindicated the fame of Mendelssohn, which, in the hottest rage of controversy, has never been so absurdly contested. The Berlin correspondent, of course, did not intend to injure his friend, Mr. Muller. We acquit him of that charge; but we cannot agree in laying at the door of the composers and readers of so great a journal as the *Morning Chronicle* the unprecedented blunder which has been the main cause of bringing the whole matter before the public. It is not to the *Morning Chronicle* that we would venture to propose the insertion of an *erratum* in its columns, to this effect:—for *Symphony in F major* read *Concerto in E flat*—but to Mr. Muller himself, who would do well to write it in his common-place book, and to forward a copy to the Berlin correspondent.

MENDELSSOHN'S UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

In a prospective article on the forthcoming season of the Philharmonic Society, the *Daily News* thus alludes to the controversy, now raging all over Europe, about the MS. works of Mendelssohn:—

"Among the manuscripts left by Mendelssohn at his death, there is the score of a great orchestral work called the 'Reformation Symphony,' a work which he composed when his genius was in full vigour, and to which he himself is known to have attached much importance. Were the Philharmonic Society to obtain this Symphony, and produce it under the masterly directions of Costa, they would do honour to themselves as well as to the memory of the lamented author, and would bestow a great benefit on the lovers of music. After Mendelssohn's death, it was found that he had left a very large quantity of manuscript works, many of them completed, and others in various stages of progress. The finished works, instead of being left in a state of neglect and confusion, as if unworthy of his care, had been arranged by him in a series of bound volumes, accompanied with a thematic catalogue, carefully drawn up by himself, indicating, as clearly as anything could possibly do, his intention that these works should be preserved and given to the world. The task of examining and selecting for publication all his posthumous works has been committed by his relatives to several musical professors of reputation—a very proper step certainly on the part of the family; but these gentlemen have exercised their trust in a manner which at present is exciting very great surprise and disappointment. They have acted in such a way as to lead to a well-grounded apprehension that nine-tenths of the precious treasures committed to their 'discretion' will be irretrievably lost. The quantity they have given to the world,

during the seven years that have elapsed since Mendelssohn's death, is comparatively insignificant, and it is all, seemingly, that the world is to be favoured with. The subject is at present creating great interest, and giving rise to much discussion. The conduct of those musical trustees is not without defenders, whose attempts at justification only expose the weakness of their cause; while, on the other hand, it has been examined by several writers who have made themselves masters of the facts, and particularly by Mr. Macfarren, in some able papers in the *Musical World*, in a manner which does not leave a doubt upon the subject. The whole musical public ought to raise their voices in remonstrance against a course so earnestly to be deprecated. In doing so, the lead ought to be taken by the greatest musical associations throughout Europe; and among them there is none that could speak with greater weight and influence than our Philharmonic Society."

We need hardly say how gratified we feel in being thus supported by so competent and eloquent an advocate. The acquisition of the eminent musical critic of the *Daily News* is an addition to the strength of the cause, which may have no small weight in ultimately promoting its triumph.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

The second of these highly-interesting performances took place on Wednesday night, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The attendance was nearly twice as numerous as at the first concert. That the programme was a splendid one may be seen by the following:—

PART I.	
Sonata, F minor, op. 77 (Invocation), M. Billet	Dussek
Allegro and Fugue in F	Handel
Prelude and Fugue B flat	Mendelssohn
Aria, "Mio ben ricordati," (Poro, Mdme. Macfarren)	Handel
Fantasia, F sharp minor, M. Billet	Mendelssohn

PART II.	
Sonata, E major, op. 7, M. Billet	H. Wylde
Selection of Studies, M. Billet	—
G minor	Bennett
G major	Moscheles
F minor	Mendelssohn
E major (Pezzi di bravura)	C. Potter
Ballad, "Forget it not," (Sleeper Awakened), Madame	Macfarren
Macfarren	Macfarren
Grand Quintett, A, op. 114, Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, Violoncello, and Contrabasso, MM. Billet, Jansa, Goffrie, Reed, and Severn	Schubert

Those who have read the *Musical World* during the last ten years require no description of Dussek's "Invocation," which is now as popular with all the great pianists, as formerly it was overlooked by great and small. Sterndale Bennett was the first to play it in public, which at once brought it into vogue; and now the *chef-d'œuvre* of the magnificent old master occupies that place in the estimation of the musical world which should never have been withheld from it. The fire and energy demanded to give the "Invocation" its proper character are happily possessed by M. Billet in an eminent degree; and it is, therefore, unnecessary to describe his performance. Suffice it, Dussek again had his revenge for past neglect.

The allegro and fugue, by Handel, have been so often played by M. Billet, at St. Martin's Hall, that we need say no more than that they were relished quite as much by the

more select audience of the Hanover-square Rooms. We have rarely to complain of M. Billet's "tempo," but on this occasion we must protest (to go back) that the minuet and canon of Dussek's "Invocation" loses its character by being taken so fast. It should be remembered that Dussek has expressly marked it "tempo di minuetto," but M. Billet played it "allegro." Again, the movement which precedes the fugue of Handel—part of the "suite" in F major—is marked "allegro," and the Handelian "allegro" was read by M. Billet as a Mendelssohnian "presto," whereby a second time the character of the piece evaporated. Such a master of his instrument should never make the mistake of sacrificing the meaning of his composer to the brilliancy of his own execution. This, and more than this, however, would have been amply compensated by M. Billet's splendid performance of Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue, in B flat, performed for the first time, in which the vivacity and *entrain* displayed were admirably in place. The publishers of the six preludes and fugues (Addison and Hollier) should feel obliged to M. Billet, whose repeated performance of one or other of the set has brought them lately much into the notice of professors. Like the "Invocation" of Dussek, the six preludes and fugues, although one of the most remarkable works of the master, had fallen into undeserved oblivion, until Sterndale Bennett (again), by introducing at one of his concerts of classical Chamber Music the now well-known prelude and fugue in E minor, reminded the musical world of the existence of such a work, and gave a tolerable specimen of its merits. A new edition of the Six Preludes and Fugues has now been published, to which we call the attention of all musicians.

The Fantasia dedicated to Moscheles is one of those pieces which M. Billet plays the oftener and best. The last movement, *prestissimo*, is an extraordinary display of manual dexterity. M. Billet played it very finely on Wednesday night, though we think we have heard him play it still better last year at St. Martin's Hall. Here again, a capital work of the master, but for such concerts as these, would have been totally forgotten, except by a very few, although dedicated by Mendelssohn to Moscheles, who never played it in public.

Of the two novelties, Dr. Wylde's sonata and Franz Schubert's quintet, it was generally acknowledged that the Englishman bore away the palm. The work of Schubert was one of his last; that of Dr. Wylde's one of his first. Of course we institute no comparison between the young and old composer, but it must be owned that Schubert by no means excelled as an instrumental writer. The beauty of his immortal *Lieder* will always preserve his name among the highest. Dr. Wylde's sonata, without any elaboration, without any striving after originality, without any straining after striking effects, is a work of more than ordinary merit. The first movement is as clear and simple as some of Haydn's, and almost as fluent. The romance in B minor is quite as original as it is frank and tuneful; and there is much merit in the two other movements. M. Billet took the greatest pains in the execution of the sonata, and was entitled to no small share of the success which it obtained.

Of the four studies, all were performed with masterly ease. The quaint and almost comic bravura of Mr. Cipriani Potter bore away the belle, and was unanimously encored, while the others were greatly applauded.

The vocal music, rare but select, was admirably sung by Madame Macfarren. The air of Handel, sung so often in

public by Madame Viardot and Miss Dolby, is one of the most effective and beautiful from Handel's operas. Its mournful character was thoroughly understood by the lady, as was the more homely plaintiveness of the exquisite ballad from the *Sleeper Awakened*, which Madame Macfarren sang to perfection.

The third performance is announced to take place on Wednesday, 16th instant.

HERR JANSA'S SOIREE'S OF CHAMBER MUSIC.

The second of these entertainments took place on Wednesday evening, at the New Beethoven Rooms. The programme began with a new quartet in B minor, composed by Herr Jansa. It is a very clever composition, was remarkably well played by the composer, assisted by MM. Hennen, Goffrie, and W. F. Reed, and pleased extremely. All the movements are good, and are so contrasted as to avoid monotony. The allegretto is good, the minuet quaint, the adagio expressive, and the finale spirited. We shall be glad to hear more of Mr. Jansa's chamber music.

Beethoven's early sonata in E flat (No. 3, op. 12,) was performed by MM. A. and F. Hennen, in musician-like style. Both pianist and violinist are players above the ordinary calibre. The pianist, M. A. Hennen, introduced two pieces of his own in the second part—"Etude de Concert" (No. 6.) "Melodie" (No. 6). Both are effective compositions belonging to the modern school, and were so brilliantly executed as to obtain for M. Hennen the honour of an encore.

Mozart's admirable quartet in D minor, played by the same four artists as above, brought the concert to a conclusion with eclat. The audience were so pleased, that they united in having the minuetto repeated.

An aria, by Kreuzer, a *lied* by Lindblad, and Schubert's popular "Forrelle," (Trout,) agreeably sung by Mdlle. Magnus, constituted the vocal department of the programme. Mr. Grattan presided at the pianoforte as accompanyst.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

Tuesday being St. David's Day, according to annual custom the president, and other officers and friends, of the most honourable and loyal Society of Ancient Britons assembled at the society's school-house in Gray's-inn road, where the children were regaled with an excellent dinner at 12 o'clock. After the dinner, the officers of the society and the children proceeded to St. James's Church, Piccadilly, when the service was read in the Welsh language by the Rev. E. Edwards, the chaplain of the society, and a most eloquent sermon preached by the Lord Bishop of Peterborough in aid of the charity.

In the evening, the friends of the charity, which was established in 1714 for the education and clothing of children born within ten miles of the Royal Exchange, whose fathers and mothers were natives of the principality of Wales, dined together at the Freemason's Tavern, Viscount Seaham, M.P., presiding, supported by Earl Powis, Lord Dynevor, Sir W. W. Wynn, and about 100 other gentlemen. At the conclusion of the dinner, which was most elegantly served, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were drunk. The children of the school, consisting of 123 boys and 58 girls, were then introduced into the room, and, by their appearance, did great credit to the managers of the institution. A portion of the children sang, with good effect, an ode by Miss Florence Wilson, which has been adapted to the ancient Welsh melody of "Llwyn Onn," by Mr. Brinley Richards, expressive of gratitude to the patrons of the institution.

"Success and prosperity to the Welsh School" was next drunk, and, in the course of the evening, it was stated that at the last election the whole of the candidates were admitted into the school,

and that there were now vacancies for seven boys and two girls. The expenditure of last year amounted to £2,768, and they had now a balance in hand of £980 and dividends due amounting to £613, making a total balance of about £1,590, irrespective of annual subscriptions and donations which might be expected to be received that evening. The committee had compared the expenditure of the year 1852 with that of the year 1851, and were gratified to find that, by a careful and judicious economy, the ordinary expenditure of the charity was confined within very moderate limits. The cost of clothing for the children, and of food and washing, as well for the children as for the officers, had not exceeded in the last two years £9 head for 200 children; but the increased cost of nearly all articles consumed in the establishment would increase the charges for the present year, and it was strongly urged upon the friends of charity to use their best exertions for the increase of its funds.

The healths of the noble chairman, the president of the society, Lord Dynevor, having been drunk, a list of donations, amounting to about £900, was read, including her Majesty, £105; Viscount Seaham, the chairman of the evening, £52 10s., in addition to ten guineas, annual and five guineas annual from his lady; Lord Dynevor, £52 10s.; Sir Charles Morgan, £52 10s.; Earl Powis, £31 10s.; the Marquis of Anglesea, £26 5s.; the Hon. R. Clive, £26 5s.; Mr. J. H. Philips, M.P., £26 5s.; Mr. Edmund Peel, £26 5s.; Mr. W. M. James, Q.C., £26 5s., &c., &c.

The musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Brinley Richards, who gave his valuable and gratuitous services to the charity, and presided at the pianoforte, assisted by the Misses Williams and Messent, and Messrs. Benson, Ransford, and Weiss. An excellent band was stationed in the gallery, and executed several popular pieces during the dinner, and, in the course of the evening, Mr. Frederic Chatterton played on the harp a Welsh bardic fantasia, arranged by himself expressly for the occasion, introducing the themes of "Jenny Jones," and "Poor Mary Anne." The fantasia, which, we understand, Mr. Chatterton is about to publish for the benefit of the charity, was much admired, and met with great applause. Mr. Harker was the toast-master. The company separated shortly after 11 o'clock.—*Morning Post.*

MR. PHINN, M.P. AND THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

We have been requested by Mr. Gye to publish the following correspondence, relative to the debate on the motion for the second reading of Her Majesty's Theatre Association Bill, in the House of Commons, on Tuesday week:—

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, Feb. 23, 1853.

SIR.—By the account of the debate in the House of Commons, last evening, on the second reading of Her Majesty's Theatre Association Bill, as given in *The Times* newspaper of this day, you are reported to have said—"Here, however, both Operas have been, for some time past, in a state of notorious insolvency." I beg leave to request you will have the goodness to inform me whether the said report is substantially correct, and if so, whether you intended to refer to the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, as one of those Operas.

I have the honour to be, Sir your humble servant,
T. Phinn, Esq., M.P., etc. FREDK. GYE.

House of Commons, Feb. 23, 1853

SIR.—In courtesy to you I am willing to depart from the usual course observed by members, in reference to speeches delivered in Parliament, and to inform you that the report in *The Times* of this morning, is, in this instance—as the reports in that journal usually are—substantially, if not literally correct. Your name never crossed my mind in connexion with any failure; but having enumerated the names of those who had not succeeded at the Queen's Theatre, I alluded, by a more general reference, to Covent Garden; not wishing to give pain to individuals, by mentioning matters of such recent occurrence as Mr. Delafield's bankruptcy, in connexion with that establishment, nor to the serious losses,

both of salary and capital, which I always understood had been sustained there by Madame Persiani and Signor Tamburini, and other eminent artists.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,
Frederick Gye, Esq., etc.

THOMAS PHINN.

"Royal Italian Opera, Feb. 24, 1853.

Sir.—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your answer to my letter of yesterday. I gather therefrom that it is not usual for members of Parliament to give explanations of their speeches delivered in the House of Commons.

I was not aware of this, but beg to thank you for the courtesy you have therefore shown me. You say to me in your letter, "Your name never crossed my mind in connexion with any failure; but, having enumerated the names of those who had not succeeded at the Queen's Theatre, I alluded by a more general reference to Covent-garden, not wishing to give pain to individuals by mentioning matters of such recent occurrence as Mr. Delafield's bankruptcy, &c." I am glad to hear that you did not intend to allude to me, but the report of your speech conveys a very different impression, and a very direct reference to Covent-garden, rather than a general one, as stated in the above extract. By the report in *The Times*, the allusion to the different managers of Her Majesty's Theatre comes after the words of which I complain. They stand alone and unqualified, and are calculated to do me a most serious injury if allowed to remain uncontradicted. Mr. Delafield's bankruptcy is not, as you state, a matter of recent occurrence, for I myself undertook the pecuniary responsibility of the Royal Italian Opera more than two years since, being now about to enter upon my third season. It is nearly four years since Mr. Delafield's connexion with the theatre ceased, and more than five years since M. Persiani had any interest in it. On reflection, therefore, I trust you will see that the words of your speech, as reported in *The Times*, viz., "Here, however, both operas have been for some time past in a state of notorious insolvency," would be taken by ordinary readers to apply to the present state of the Royal Italian Opera, as well as to that of Her Majesty's Theatre; and, as I cannot for a moment believe that it is your wish to inflict an injury on me, a perfect stranger to you, by this unfounded statement, I hope you will have the kindness to give an explanation of your real meaning in as public a manner as that in which your speech was delivered.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your humble servant,
FREDK. GYE.

41, St. James' street, London, Feb. 24, 1853.

Sir.—In answer to your letter of yesterday, I can only say that it appears to me that my previous letter, of which you are at liberty to make any use you please, is amply sufficient to answer the object which you are anxious to attain.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
THOMAS PHINN.

Friday Evening, Feb. 25, 1853.

Sir.—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your note of yesterday's date, and have now, of course, no alternative but to publish this correspondence. I cannot, however, refrain from observing that I think a few words in explanation of your meaning, spoken by yourself in the House of Commons, would have been a more just, and at the same time a more graceful manner of correcting the impression which your speech of Tuesday last has occasioned.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your humble servant,
T. Phinn, Esq., M.P., &c. FREDERICK GYE.

Foreign.

LEIPZIG.—Amongst the novelties at the *Gewandhaus* Concerts, to be produced shortly, is an overture entitled "Macbeth," composed by Charles Oberthur, of which Dr. Liszt has forwarded the score from Weimar. At this latter place it has been played at the Royal Court. In Cassel, Dr. Spohr,

and Capellmaister Abt, in Brunswick, have likewise introduced this overture to public notice. It is generally praised as a work of genius and highly effective.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL, FREE-TRADE HALL.

(From the *Manchester Examiner*.)

WE gave a notice, on Saturday, of the first three musical performances of the five which have been given under the title of Musical Festival for the People, and which are to be the last public entertainments to which the Free-trade Hall will be devoted. After the meetings announced by two religious societies have been held, it is the intention to commence the work of dilapidation, and very soon the Free-trade Hall will be in memory alone. Friday's concert, devoted to the music of Sir Henry Bishop, was well attended, and the audience of Saturday evening presented a still further increase. On that night there could not have been less than three thousand people present, and greater enjoyment we have rarely seen. The scheme consisting principally of ballads, was well adapted to the character of the audience generally mustering on that evening of the week.

The concert of Saturday evening opened with Leslie's overture, *The Templar*, played for the first time in Manchester. We feel pleasure in bearing testimony to the talent of the amateur composer. The chorus, "Belus we celebrate," substituted for the one announced in the programme, was very spiritedly given. The first song, allotted to Mr. Winn, "The Standard Bearer," displayed his voice to advantage. In this song, as in others given during the series, the importance of the orchestral accompaniments to such a class of composition was very striking. Mr. Winn also took the solo part in the "Marseillaise Hymn," arranged for the occasion by E. J. Loder. Here, to a certain extent, he lacked fire; and it would have been a more successful arrangement, had the solo been given to tenor voice; the orchestra was here strengthened by several members of the band of the 44th regiment. Mr. Winn also gave us Dibdin's song, "Twas post meridian," in characteristic style. Miss F. Huddart received an encore in "Pray Goody," a similar compliment was also paid her in a Swiss ballad. The duet from *Norma*, by Mrs. Newton and Miss Huddart, wanted greater practice; nor should such music be given without orchestral accompaniments. Mrs. Newton delighted the audience with her Spanish ballad, which was also encored. The Irish song, "Cushla Machree," was given with charming taste. We come now to speak of the great tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves. His appearance in the orchestra was the signal, as on each preceding night, for a burst of applause, which must have been very gratifying, as at once establishing his popularity in Manchester. It is difficult to particularise any one song out of the varied styles which he introduced through the five nights. "The last rose of summer" was given with such refinement and purity of style, and with so much of that deep and earnest expression, the characteristic of a great vocalist, that many of his auditors were moved to tears; nor was his mode of giving the lovely ballad, "Oh! Nannie," less beautiful. The effect produced by his singing of these two ballads will not soon be forgotten by those present; whilst the national songs, "The Death of Nelson," and "The Bay of Biscay," created such an outburst of applause that it rose to enthusiasm; and on the repetition of the latter song, Mr. Reeves was received with cheers, waving of hats, and other demonstrations of excitement on the part of his auditors. Mr. Delavanti gave his Scotch ballads with good effect, and was warmly applauded. The choir were encored in "Down in a flowery vale," and all their efforts were very successful. The solo instrumentalists next claim our attention. Heinrich Werner played Moscheles' "Recollections of Ireland" in a wonderful manner. This gifted boy has gained nightly upon the sympathies of the people. He possesses power of finger, taste, execution, and an appreciation of the *sentiment* required to illustrate national airs: he was greatly applauded not only by the audience, but by the members of the orchestra. The accompaniments to this piece by Moscheles were charmingly given. Herr Nabich played a solo on the trombone on Airs from *Il Pirata*, and displayed great mastery over the diffi-

culties of the instrument by subduing the tone so as to resemble the "horn" rather than the *unwieldy* trombone. Mr. Richardson delighted his hearers with variations on a *Scotch* air, playing them in a manner such as only Richardson can play. There can be no doubt that his execution of the chromatic scale on the flute is the most perfect of any artist this country at least has produced. The band played the overtures and accompaniments through the evening in first-rate style, and "the ballad" night will be long remembered by the thousands who were present.

In the last quarter of a century, in reference to musical performances in Manchester, it would be difficult to point to any programme wherein was combined so much excellence as on the evening of Monday. It was a concentrated essence of all that is high and noble in the noblest and highest of all arts. Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer,—sacred names to the true musician,—brought their choicest offerings to make up the final concert of the Free-trade Hall. Richard Cobden's was the first voice that echoed through that vast space—a voice employed in the sacred cause of truth; the last sounds on Monday evening came from the inspired mind of Carl Maria Von Weber—sounds embodying truth no less perfect than the first, whilst combining the divine attribute of beauty. The concert of Monday evening commenced with Beethoven's overture to *Prometheus*, played in a style that would have won the applause of the great musician himself. Then followed selections from the *Ruins of Athens*, music not much known here, but music, as much as anything that Beethoven has ever done, indicative of the highest genius. The chorus of Dervishes is a marvellous thing. By a few notes we are transported to the deserts of Arabia, and pass into a new region of sounds. Never having heard Mr. Sims Reeves sing the "Adelaida," but having a vivid recollection of Mario's performance of this exquisite emanation of genius, we were a little curious on the matter, and candidly confess to having had some misgivings on the point; a few bars, however, sent all those misgivings to the right about. Mr. Reeves sang the song in the chastest and most perfect manner; while Mr. Banks's accompaniment was excellent. Where the miserable words that performed the office of a translation in the printed programmes came from, Heaven knows! Mr. Reeves, very properly, as we think, sang it in Italian—but surely it cannot be difficult to give a literal translation of the ideas, for the benefit of those who cannot follow the Italian or the German. Miss Fanny Huddart gave Meyerbeer's "Nobil signor salute," from *Les Huguenots*. She gained a warm encore from the audience. Beethoven's grand choral fantasia next brought out the little prodigy, Heinrich Werner. The little fellow was suffering from a severe cold, and in strict justice ought not to have appeared at all, but that he himself would not listen to. There was, however, no lack of energy. It was admirably performed, not only on the part of the pianist, but on the parts of the band and chorus. We have already spoken in what, to many, may appear exaggerated terms of this young musician. The fantasia took somewhat more than twenty minutes in its performance. The audience was composed of a large miscellaneous gathering, and yet they called for a repetition as though they had been excited by the singing of some brilliant bravura, or national song. We must give our unfeigned tribute of admiration not only to Herr Molique's song of "When the moon is brightly shining," but to Mr. Sims Reeves' performance of it. He sang it to perfection, and received an enthusiastic encore. Herr Nabich's trombone concerto was one of the fine things of the evening; not a mere display of power. The composition itself, one of David's, may be considered a sort of grand scena for a bass voice, with elaborate orchestral accompaniments. Herr Nabich's performance of it was really magnificent. Mrs. Alexander Newton again sang that very difficult soprano song from *Die Zauberflöte*, "Queen of night," with great brilliancy and power. She took the upper notes with the greatest possible precision and correctness of intonation; and when we name F in alto as the highest of these notes, our musical friends may have some idea of thefeat, forfeat it is. The overture to *Freischütz* was finely played; and the selections from the *Walpurgis Night*, which followed, were admirably done. Mr. Winn's manly baritone in the solo, "Restrained by might, we now by night," was strikingly effective. Mr. Reeves gave the

great scene from *Der Freischütz*, "Oh, I can bear my fate no longer," in a way that left nothing to be desired; and Mrs. Newton's rendering of Kücken's beautiful song of "How oft I muse at eventide," was really delicious. Mr. Richardson commanded a warm encore of Drori's variations to "Rule Britannia." The vocal part of the concert terminated with selections from *Oberon*, —the "Oberon" that poor Weber killed himself in writing,—that he wrote for the English people, in the English language (which he studied expressly for the purpose),—and which the said English people have very quietly put upon the shelf.

In the getting up of these concerts there was an evidence not to be mistaken that no pains had been spared in rehearsal, no expense in the gathering together of artists individually talented, and at the same time well adapted to the class of music to which their efforts were to be devoted. To Mr. D. W. Barks, as conductor, too much praise cannot be given. We believe we are correct in saying that there was not an individual in the orchestra that did not appreciate his attention to the whole of the arrangements, his desire to promote the general success, his industry, and his tact and talent in carrying out a scheme of such extent without a single failure or disappointment to the public. Mr. Seymour, as leader, was of great value. With him he had Messrs. Baetens and Jackson. The principal violoncello was Mr. R. Hatton, of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden; a native, we understand, of Manchester, but who has now visited us in a professional capacity for the first time these twenty years. Among the double basses we had the services of Mr. Russell, also of the Royal Italian Opera House, and Mr. Gledhill, whose talent is appreciated here. Mr. Richardson as principal flute, Herr Nabich as tenor trombone, and Mr. Standon, of the Royal Italian Opera as first horn, added to the efficiency of the orchestra. To these also we may add Mr. Jennings, as first oboe; Mr. Chisholm, bassoon; Mr. Ellwood, trumpet; with Mr. W. Barlow, as organist. The band of the 44th regiment, with the fine chorus, made up an array of talent which must have raised the character of art in the minds of all present who were able to appreciate.

And, now the Free-trade Hall performances are brought to a close, we hope there will be no time lost in preparing for the vast numbers who have crowded there for so many years, a building worthy of the town, and worthy of the progressive taste for the beautiful and refining, which has been long evident to the close observer. Recreation will be had, in some form or other, by those in this vast metropolis of industry whose hours throughout the day are passed in close application to business. If we do not prepare for them that which is elevating, they will undoubtedly fall into that which is the opposite. If we look around, there are numerous opportunities for the latter—too many, indeed, not to demand an earnest and immediate attention on the part of those who profess to take an interest in the physical and mental training of their fellow-citizens. We believe that an advance has been made towards improvement, and in this particular department of art—we allude to music, we are quite sure that in the last four years sufficient has been accomplished to convince the people generally that what is good and pure and legitimate in quality may be placed within their reach at a price they can readily afford to pay; and, above all, it may be fairly said that whoever follows in the wake of that which has been accomplished must seek for success in improving rather than in depreciating the quality of his predecessors. We must advance, if it be but at tortoise pace; we cannot go backwards like the crab.

INTERESTING GERMAN TALE.

(From the *New York Musical World*.)

"EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."*

AN Autumn evening, full of foreboding of Winter, had followed a dull and cold October day; fantastic figures of fog appeared to pass rapidly to and fro, over the fields; an icy wind arose and tore off, unmercifully, the beautiful leaves from the majestic trees, and strewed them around, to be trod upon by the quick footsteps of

travellers. A sort of fear or sadness, seemed to pervade all nature; it was as though the dread voice of Winter could be heard from the distance, sounding every hour louder and louder, and telling of sad days, long dark nights, icicles and snow flakes, to come. In the town, however, which lay in the middle of a large plain, all appeared to be merry; every one had retired into his warm house, as if mocking cold Autumn; from every window shone a friendly light, a sign of comfort and happiness.

It was about the year 1732; and the town of which I am speaking was called Leipzig. Surrounded by ditches, high walls and splendid Linden trees, it was well protected, and seemed to bid defiance to Autumn's chill invasion. The houses were nearly all small and high, with singular roofs, little projecting balconies, and, here and there, a small tower on the top; there were, however, very few church spires to be seen. In the residence of the Music Director of the much-honoured Thomas School, near to the most imposing church in the town, the candle burnt, on the said October evening, unusually bright; many joyful voices of men and children resounded there; a very harmonious family appeared to be there collected. By the heavy oak table, which stood in a small room filled with large cupboards and curiously fashioned chairs, sat a man in a splendid (though somewhat roughly curled) wig, and plain black dress. His face was full and blooming; a friendly smile played around the corners of his mouth; his forehead was very beautiful and transparent, and the glance of his fiery black eyes had an indescribable power,—a power whose influence it was not easy to withstand. It was next to impossible for a bystander to withdraw his gaze from those magic eyes; it was as though he could learn of spiritual things in them, as though he must become good and exalted through them; and the heart would, as it were, raise itself in one's breast, as though these irresistible dark eyes drew it powerfully to themselves.

This was the Cantor, John Sebastian Bach, celebrated throughout the town for his splendid organ playing. The good people said, however, that he was a strange man; and often they shook their wise heads, at his curious figures and unintelligible fantasies on the organ. Nevertheless no one was able to leave the church while the Cantor was playing; and shudder after shudder flew through the souls of the listeners, when the overwhelming tones swelled up and thundered from the powerful organ, as if they would break in pieces the walls of the edifice, and bury the weak, trembling mortals under its ruins.

On the right side of the Cantor sat his wife, a large woman, with pleasant features and pious eyes, with a snow-white cap on her head, and a plain erape over her shoulders. She held in her lap her youngest son, Christopher, a stout healthy infant, some three months of age. Several other stout youths were standing around the mother, eating with much apparent satisfaction, roasted apples, and playing with their little brother. Bach's eldest son, Friedmann, a large and powerful young man, much resembling his father, stood near the large stove, and gazed thoughtfully at the noisy group of brothers and sisters around him. On the left of the Cantor, sat a slender young man, finely dressed, with thick black hair, and whose gentle, lovely countenance bore a great likeness to the energetical face of the head of the family. This was Bach's second son, Philip Emmanuel, who had just arrived from Frankfort-on-the-Oder, after a long and tedious journey, quite unexpectedly to his loving parents. He had just been telling his father of the New Musical Academy which he had established at Frankfort, and which he was very successfully directing, and had also spoken of the diligence and talent of some of his scholars; and now he bashfully drew from his pocket some manuscript music, which he blushingly presented to the Cantor, exclaiming—

"Dearest father, please see if it is worth anything."

It was a beautiful Sonata, and old Bach looking through it with joy beaming from his eyes, put it then into his pocket and said, with much evident satisfaction—

"Yes! yes! only work on and you will make a composer in time! only diligently *forwards* with God's help! Friedmann is also doing well, and doesn't play at all badly; I shall live, perhaps, to have much pride in you, my children!"

Both of the sons listened joyfully to the much-honoured talk of their father, and pressed thankfully his hand. Suddenly, the rapid

* A strong castle is our God.

trot of a horse was heard, and shortly after a violent knocking at the street door. The two elder sons sprang frightened into the middle of the room ; the children forgot their play, and even the mother grew pale, Sebastian Bach, alone, was quiet and undisturbed. He said—

"How can you so demean yourselves? Certainly, none of us has a troubled conscience ; then let come what may ; God will take care of us, if we put our trust in him."

A postillion, apparently exhausted, and besprinkled with mud, now entered the room ; he came direct from the residence of the Prince Elector, in Dresden, desired to speak with the Cantor, Sebastian Bach, and, finally, handed him a note from that much-feared and powerful minister, the Count Bruhl. The Cantor drew the lamp nearer, shaded his eyes with his hand, and proceeded to read the note, while Philip Emanuel politely requested the courier to be seated. The note ran thus—

"MY DEAR CANTOR :—Our most gracious Lord and Prince, Augustus, of Saxony and Poland, desires to listen to you, the celebrated and well-known organist, John Sebastian Bach, in Dresden. He commands you to play in the church at Dresden, on Sunday, the 24th day of October next. Two days after the receipt of this, a royal carriage will come for you at Leipzig, and convey you to Dresden, where we, ourselves, will await you. Prepare yourself, my dear Cantor, for this great honour."

By command of my most gracious and all-powerful Prince, greeting ! (Signed) COUNT BRUHL."

Bach stood a long while, after having finished the perusal of the note, silently meditating ; scorn and pleasure were visible in his fine features, and his eyes glided restlessly from one of his well-beloved to another. Friedmann and Philip remained discreetly silent.

"Mr. Courier," said the Cantor at last, slowly and firmly, "Inform his excellency, the minister, that I, John Sebastian Bach, Cantor and Music Director of the Thomas School in Leipzig, will obey the command of my Prince, and come to Dresden."

"Will you not send a written document?" asked the Courier.

"Fellow!" thundered Bach, raising himself to his utmost height, "do you know what you say? Did you not understand me? Have not I, Sebastian Bach, given you my word? Do you take me for a scoundrel, who may, perhaps, thrive in your court air, and to whom a piece of paper is more binding than a man's word, spoken in God's hearing?"

"Dearest papa," softly interrupted Philip Emanuel.—

"Silence, son; you understand nothing about these things!" said his father ; and turning again to the Courier, he continued more quietly : "You now have your answer! Repeat all that has passed here to the Count—I shall not concern myself more about it."

The messenger had retreated a few paces, pale with fright. Bach now took hold of him gently by the collar, drew him nearer, and pleasantly said :

"There, now, that will be a good lesson for you—will it not? See that you remember it, and do not forget it as soon as you go away from here! The palace is not everywhere! And now, *basta!* if you will help us eat our evening bread, and drink a mug of beer, it will be giving me a pleasure, and doing me a favour."

The Courier, however, took a hasty and embarrassed leave ; and the Cantor took contentedly his seat. His wife and children crowded anxiously around him and Madame Gertrude sorrowfully said :

"Ah! my Bastian, you will away into the wide world—away to Dresden, into the great splendour and magnificence of the wicked city? Oh! the long, long, dreadful journey! No, husband, you will not go and leave your wife and children!"

She burst into tears, and fell sobbing on the neck of her beloved husband. The children, seeing their mother weeping, began to cry likewise, and clung to their father's coat ; the two elder sons, Friedmann and Philip, spoke in angry terms of the Count's note ; in short, all was topsy-turvy in the small room. At last, the full, melodious voice of the Cantor subdued the tempest ; he exclaimed :

"Wife, carry the mad children to the nursery ! Friedmann and Philip shall alone remain here." Thus speaking, he shook the blubbering children from him, with a powerful shake like unto that of a lion, and the mother led the little ones away to the old nurse.

The Cantor measured the room with long strides, as his beloved partner, her eyes still moist, re-took her seat at the table. "You must not grieve so much about the journey, Gertrude," he said ; "I shall be back again in my old nest in fourteen days, if the Lord does not ordain otherwise ; besides, I have concluded to take Friedmann and Philip with me. They must also see the nonsensical frippery there, and above all things take good care of their old father." The two sons thanked him with radiant eyes. "Yes, children," he continued, "we will for once touch the hearts of these worldly people with the glorious, clear, voice of God"—as he used sometimes to call his beloved organ—"in such a manner that they will rise up in confusion, clasp their hands together, and secretly pray, *Pater peccavi!* and friend Hasse shall also see that there exist higher and more godly sounds than the sweet, luxurious melodies of beautiful Italy." He looked as if transfigured as he uttered these words, and his wife and children gazed at him with an expression of unfathomable awe and reverence.

Soon after, the Cantor pleasantly exclaimed, "Now, mother, let the brawlers come in again, and bring us the soup."

The table was soon spread, a large pitcher of foaming beer was set before the father's place, and a large loaf of home-made bread near it ; and then Father Bach, after having uttered a short grace, distributed to each his share, beginning with the eldest. In the meantime, Mother Gertrude dealt out the steaming soup, and then all feasted, chattered and joked, and it was one of the happiest of families.

The next day the Cantor called on the Rector, in order to obtain the necessary permission to make a journey of importance. This was quite a troublesome thing for him ; inasmuch as he avoided, as much as possible, having anything to do with the Rector, who was his superior in office.

The Rector and the Cantor were not at all friendly to each other. The former complained bitterly of the behaviour and odd habits of his subaltern ; and Bach used often to upbraid the Rector, as being an ungodly, sinful pedant. There was truly no green leaf on this Rector-tree, much less a fresh branch ; the whole man was winterish, without and within. His soul was just as withered and shrivelled as his body, starved and shrunk down in the dust of mouldy book-learning. He had no delight in beautiful flowers ; he counted their stamens, examined their calix, and threw them away ; he only noticed the joyous birds and other animals, when he wished to make different poisoning experiments, which was one of his greatest amusements. The organ-playing of his obstinate cantor he called *diabolical*, and took good care to keep away from its influence—never going to Church till he was pretty sure the voluntary was finished. As often as he could, he did everything in his power to provoke the Cantor ; and it afforded him great pleasure when this gigantic nature, unable longer to control itself, gave vent in angry words. He would gladly have removed him from his office ; but, it required greater power than the Rector was master of to stir such a rock, and he was therefore obliged to remain by his hatred alone. Every one, old and young, the Rector excepted, listened with love and wonder to the powerful ruler of the mighty organ.

As John Sebastian Bach entered the studio of the school-tyrant—for he had just been holding a severe examination with the scholars, had become a little impatient, as usual, and his wig was in a rather disordered state—the Rector stretched himself upright in his leather-cushioned easy chair, fixed his little grey eyes piercingly on the Cantor, and gravely demanded :

"Well! what is the matter with Mr. Bach."

"Nothing is the matter with him, Sir Rector," replied Bach. "I only came to inform you that I must start on a long journey to-morrow, by command of our Prince Elector, and to request fourteen days furlough."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed the Rector, breathless with surprise and anger ; long journey?—must?—Prince Elector?—and I have not been advised of this? Go! Sir Cantor; that is some

cunning plan of you and yours! What does Augustus of Saxony want of—”

“ I am to play the organ at Dresden,” quietly interrupted the Cantor. “ The Prince has commanded me so to do.”

“ That is a most likely story, and quite as credible,” ironically replied the Rector. “ The journey does not appear to me to be appointed to any particular time; therefore, I can simply tell you, in plain language, that for the next four weeks I cannot spare you, Sir Cantor. After that time I will not hinder your departure.”

During this spiteful harangue, the serene face of Bach showed no sign of anger or ebullition; he merely looked with a fixed gaze at his opponent, and an indescribable, sympathising smile played around his mouth. At last he said firmly and in a loud tone—

“ Sir Rector, be so kind as to give me a settled answer! Will you grant me the furlough or not?”

“ No—no—for the last time, *No!*” angrily replied the Rector.

Very well, then, I simply wish to inform you that I shall go *without* a furlough! replied the Cantor; and having so spoken, he turned hastily around, and left with rapid strides, the room of his enemy, now literally trembling with rage.

There had never been such a select congregation of noble ladies and gentlemen assembled in the large and beautiful Catholic Church at Dresden, as there was the afternoon of the Sabbath on which the Cantor, Bach, of Leipzig, was to preside at the organ. The numerous cavaliers in their glittering court-dress; the beautiful ladies, in the most brilliant attire of costly silks and precious stones, or still more fascinating youth, formed a large circle, in the middle of which towered the majestic figure of Augustus of Saxony. The Prince stood erect, his head slightly elevated; but his features, the former beauty of which only the beautifully formed nose and mouth, and the contour of the chin still betrayed, appeared sunk in and lax, and the fire of his large eyes were extinct. Augustus conversed in low tones with his favorite, Brühl, who, with the elegant bearing of a man of the world, stood by his side, and appeared to be humbly listening to the words of his lord. Uncurbed pride sat on that wise forehead, unsatiable ambition flashed from those restless eyes; immeasurable lust of power panted on those thin lips.

“ Then he would not come to Court, yesterday, the droll Cantor?” said the Elector smiling. “ Well, I will only tease him the more to-day; as soon as the concert is over, I will go myself and see him; he shall come to the ball, and the most beautiful of our court-dames shall sue him for a dance.

Brühl silently bowed.

“ We are all very anxious to hear the celebrated organist;” continued the Prince; “ the desire shows itself in all countenances. Hasse casts his eyes, full of expectation, to the organ-loft; and, even the charming Faustina looks around the church with such restless glances, as if she feared to discover a rival. Our virtuoso, Marchaud, is the only one who still smiles his smile of derision. But look! three persons have just entered the choir! Do you see, Brühl? Two youthful figures respectfully take a place on either side of the organ seat, on which the great Bach has just taken a place! What beautiful, innocent faces!”

“ They are the two eldest sons of the Cantor, your Majesty,” said Brühl.

At this moment the tones of the great organ were heard; and, as if it had been a heavenly exhalation, all hearts were instantly purified from every frivolous thought. Deep silence reigned; an unaccountable devotion was felt by all, and every eye glanced upwards. A splendid prelude flowed gracefully along, like unto a large and golden stream, on whose bank grew heavenly flowers, bearing every soul on the powerful waves, at each succeeding moment rising higher and higher, flowing at last into the all-powerful and sublime choral—

“ Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott!”

The glorious song of Solomon, of the Evangelical Church, thundered its mighty influences on the hearts of those assembled below, and Father Bach accompanied each tone with a smile of devotion. He was celebrating, at this moment, the triumph of his beloved Church, in the edifice consecrated to the Catholic religion. Like a crowned victor sounded the sublime melody through the large building, and sounded so powerfully again and

again, as if innumerable invisible choirs of angels joined with joyful voices in the song of praise. The stream of rich harmony flowed on without pause; the genius of Father Bach made itself more and more manifest; each moment more sublime and more wonderful sounded the majestic tones; a gigantic, inscrutable voice from above plunged below into the thundering ocean of harmony. And now the columns of the church commenced to tremble, for it was as though the mourning voices of whole races of mankind had awoke and cried out aloud for mercy;—as though a whole world stood up and begged for forgiveness of sins. But among them sounded again and again the melody:

“ Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott!”

like unto the sweet offering of the pious. And then the mysterious stream became more and more powerful, as if it returned an answer to the prayers of trusting love. At last, however, at last the voices of petition appeared to die away; feebler and feebler became the voices of the petitioners, more and more despairing their prayers; and then, oh! wonder! then came the sweet forgiveness! The high arches of the church seemed to burst asunder; the blessed stream of light flowed in; perfuming odours filled the wide halls. Sweet, soothing tones dropped gently down, and a voice from heaven, full of boundless compassion, promised everlasting forgiveness of all sins. A surprise, full of faith, now trembled forth, in holy, clear tones; and finally thundered again—overpowering—as if by millions of blessed voices, and amidst the hallelujahs of angels—the holy song of triumph:

“ Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott!”

The tones of the organ were hushed. John Sebastian Bach still sat on the organ-stool, with folded hands; a heavenly glory shone in his eyes. Pale as death with agitation, trembling with wonder at the triumph of their beloved father, stood his two sons near him. A soft murmur went through the large church. At this moment a door at one side of the choir opened, and the Elector entered; behind him, at a respectful distance, a brilliant retinue. Augustus of Saxony approached, in an almost timid manner,—the great man, who, notwithstanding, sat so humbly before him, and sunk in pious dreams, did not observe his approach, and appeared as if he hardly dared interrupt the reverie of the wonderful genius before him. At last, however, he laid his hand gently on the shoulder of Bach. The old Cantor started, then quickly arose, and looked unabashed and smilingly into the countenance of the Prince. How was it possible for worldly power and temporal magnificence to interest the great master in this moment of holy inspiration?—whose soul was still so filled with the splendour of his God, into whose heaven he had just ascended, borne on the wings of divine music? It was even some trouble to him to find words of the language of mortals, in which to address the Prince.

“ My lord,” he softly said, after a long pause, “ the lovely voice of God has found its way into the very depths of your heart, also; that, I can plainly see! Tell me, do you also feel as though all around was sunshine? And does it not delight you to look into larger and more beautiful worlds than this one of dust, in which we now live. Does not all worldly show fall into nothingness, before the magnificence above? Would you not joyfully leave this world, to dwell in eternal bliss above?”

“ Bach,” answered the Prince, in a trembling voice, “ when I was listening to your wonderful playing, I felt a presentiment of approaching death! The thought came over me like a good spirit; it had lost all its terrors; I did not tremble at it as at other times, when I have meditated over the dark, enigmatical end of all mortals. Oh! master, that I could hear you in the hour of my death!”

Bach answered not a syllable; he looked at his shaken royal lord with eyes overflowing with soft emotion and joy. His pious heart rejoiced, at this moment, in a far greater triumph than his artist's pride.

A rustling was heard at the door, and presently a female pressed hastily through the train of the Prince—a female in the full bloom of youth, a tall and beautiful figure; it was Faustina Hasse, the favourite singer of the whole court. With the passionate manner of the Italians, weeping and trembling, she rushed to the Cantor,

fell on his neck, and kissed him on both cheeks, sobbing aloud! "Blessed, oh! eternally blessed are you, dazzling ray of light!" she exclaimed, in the greatest agitation. Bach knew not what to do; the bystanders smiled. At that moment, Hasse himself stepped forward, drew his gently away, told the Cantor his name, and pressed the great master's hand, with an expression of sincere reverence. The frivolous Frenchman and elegant virtuoso, Marchand, also stepped forward: no scornful smile now played around his mouth, but on the contrary, his eyes glistened with the moist lustre of heartfelt emotion. He silently took the hand of the master, and pressed it to his breast. The retinue of the Prince Elector followed the example of the favourite; the most beautiful court-dames did not remain behind, and soon the loveliest of hands came in contact with that of the Cantor, and the sweetest of lips spoke to him their thanks. But the master suddenly tore himself away from them all, and exclaimed, in a voice which thundered through the lofty arches, and re-echoed in the church:

"Enough of this! No! Such tender caresses and flattering speeches must not be the recompense for holy, serious organ-playing! Away from me, ye enticing figures: I will not see you longer! I know very well that I am now in luxurious Dresden; but I wish I was away from all these beautiful flowers—or perhaps more truly *snakes*—away, in my dear, quiet home, with my wife and children! Most gracious Prince," he continued, turning to the Elector, who, sorrowfully smiling, had gazed in silence at the foregoing scene, "permit me to go! You see that Old Bach can never be happy here; he does not understand swimming in this stream!"

"I cannot let you go," answered the Prince, in a friendly tone, "until you have requested a favour of me!"

"You cannot give me anything, my King!" replied the Cantor, frankly; "I am richer than you; but I thank you!"

"Remember your sons!" continued Augustus.

"Well, yes, gracious Prince, if you would do something for Friedmann there," replied he, drawing his eldest son to him, "I should be very glad. But, not yet! For the next two years I want him too much myself; for he is splendid engraver, and we are now working on the Passion-music. My Philip," he continued, pointing to his second son, "has already been provided for by our beloved Lord; he is getting on finely. I thank you, then, from the bottom of my heart, my most gracious Prince!"

The Elector now dismissed the worthy Cantor, with the most brilliant promises for the future life of Friedmann, reached the father and sons his hand, and assured each of them his favour and protection. The most illustrious cavaliers then crowded around the Cantor, accompanied him down the stairs, and helped him into the royal carriage, that was to convey him to his humble home, with as much respect and care as if he were the greatest conqueror in the world.

Original Correspondence.

READING THE MORNING SERVICE.

To the *Editor of the Musical World*.

SIR.—Can you, or any of your scientific readers, inform me if there are any specific days mentioned in the old orders for the reading the Morning Service in our churches, in the which the "Benedicte Omnia Opera" is appointed to be substituted for the "Te Deum," and if so, on what days?

I am, Sir,
Yours, very truly,
CHARLES HALE.

Cheltenham, February 23, 1853.

MADAME DORIA.—On the 26th of February Madame Maria Doria sang for the first time at the Philharmonic, at Dublin, and created a *furore*, her rich full voice and impassionate delivery carried the audience quite away, and she may henceforth count the warm-hearted Dublin audience amongst her most ardent admirers.

Poetry.

To "DIE!" The word is thunder, and the thought
Dark and gigantic as eternity!
What soul but starts with awe? what beating heart,
That Nature ever fram'd, and sin congeal'd,
But thaws like snow before the noon-day sun,
When Fancy's pencil traces out the form
Of Death upon the page of certainties?
It may be that the Hero, borne along
Drunk with Fame, and blindfold by Ambition,
Forgettest how to think of aught, but triumph,
And rushing on the *steel*—dies fearlessly;
Whilst the Philosopher, not worth the name,
May perch on *Reason*, twisted by itself
Into a kind of prop, whereon to rest
His vagaries, and jest exultingly
At Death's blank catalogue of vulgar fears.
But mark those moments when the demon—Thought
Bolts on the hero as from ambuscade,
And finding him at ease, with mind imbold,
Presents the glittering poniard—*Thou must die!*
'Tis then that *he* acknowledges defeat
Who smiled derision on a tide of sleet;
'Tis then that he who heard the cannon's boom,
As 'twere the buzzing of a bee, or less,
Faints at the sounds of death and destiny.
Aye, and the man of *reason*—that's to say,
He who would fain become *irrational*
By dint of what he misnames argument—
Rears in his closet battlements of sand,
Which intercourse with men demolishes!
Ah vain philosophy! with futile sneer
Laugh as you list at death's realities,
So long as exiled in your solitude
You claim not from the world her sympathies!
Laugh on—laugh on! but, terrified betimes,
Confess your danger; laugh again and die.
Thus he expires, bequeathing not a flower
Wherewith to deck his tomb!

Thrice happy they
Who die as they have lived—not thoughtlessly
As vanishes the bubble of ambition;
Nor yet in cold and calculating doubt
As the philosopher escapes from time!
But who can sum *life's* pages, and obtain
A balance for them, both with God and man.

DELTA.

ON THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE BACH SOCIETY IN LEIPSIC.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(From the *Music Publishers' Circular*.)

(Continued from page 134.)

Besides the instruments now in use, the scores comprise parts for the oboe d'amore, the oboe di caccia, the cornetto, the soprano trombone, and I may include among these, as also obsolete, the horn, for there is scarcely a living player who could execute the passages of extreme height that are constantly allotted to this instrument, which is not to be regretted, insomuch as the effect of such passages, if executed, would be anything but admirable. We have the corroborative testimony of the scores of Handel, that at that time the horn and trumpet were either differently constructed instruments to those used in the present day, or, at least, played according to a very different method; for it is not to be supposed that the players of these brass instruments should have been such prodigiously better artists some hundred and fifty years ago than their successors in our own days, as to execute

in regular routine what can now only be attempted as feats of agility, while the players of string instruments were so in every respect a hundred years behind us as never to attempt passages but of what is now regarded as almost primitive simplicity. The "Tromba da Tirarsi," which is employed in one instance in the present volume, I suppose to be the same in principle as the slide trumpet now always employed, but the slide could not at that time of day any more than at present afford facilities for producing the extreme high notes that were then habitually written, and which are now, when a player succeeds in articulating them, so entirely ineffective, as frequent experience assures us. There is very much to be said upon this subject, but to allude to it thus briefly, is ample for the present purpose.

Another matter for remark in the works under consideration is the excessive difficulty of the vocal parts, which is such as to test to the utmost the most practised choirs of the present day. This appears to be most strangely incompatible with the limited inefficiency of the executive means at the composer's disposal, and implies a habit in him entirely at variance with the practice of modern musicians, and, I think, opposed to all rules of reason, namely—of writing without any consideration of the practicability of his music, and consequently without any regard to the effect it might produce. Such an anomaly is scarcely to be received as possible, and yet the fact admits of no other inference; and it only remains for us to wonder at what it appears to be impossible satisfactorily to explain.

No. I.

The first Cantata is for Annunciation Day, and it is founded on the Corale "Wie Schon leuchtet der Morgenstern," which is the same that is introduced by Mendelssohn in the first chorus of the published fragments of his unfinished Oratorio, *Christus*. There is a difference of three notes in the sixth strain of the tune between the readings of Bach and of Mendelssohn. Whether this is from accident or intention, or from there being various traditions of the original, it is useless here, where the tune is only known from these two authorities, to conjecture. To institute a comparison of the various treatment of this same theme by these two great masters would be futile, since Bach has made it the leading subject of an entire composition, Mendelssohn but an incident in a single movement in a most important work; it is not uninteresting, however, to observe that, after Bach had spent most obviously much labour upon it, and presented it in two forms entirely dissimilar, Mendelssohn, whether acquainted or not with this Cantata, should have turned the same subject to wholly different account, and produced from it a wholly different effect.

The score of this first Cantata comprise the following somewhat extraordinary arrangement of instruments—namely, first, two horns in F, the first being constantly written up to the C above the staff (sounding the F in the fifth line of the treble clef), and occasionally up to the E above the staff, (sounding the A upon the first ledger line of the treble clef) and the second was written below the C on the first ledger line (sounding the F on the fourth line of the bass clef), from the employment of which now utterly unavailable compass, we may conclude that, if it be that these parts ever were played, (and it is hard to suppose that they should have been written if not to be executed), I say, we may conclude that at the period when Bach lived, the horn must have been played with a very much smaller mouth-piece than that used in the present day, by means of which the lower notes were unattainable, and the upper notes more easy of production than they are upon the modern instrument. Next, two oboe di caccia, an instrument of which I can offer no account, but that it is

written in the alto clef, and that the compass here employed is from the F on the first line to the F two octaves above. Certainly the name of this obsolete instrument suggests an idea sufficiently whimsical, insomuch as the difficulty of playing such an instrument as the oboe while engaged in hunting, could only be equalled by the absurdity of the appearance of any one who might attempt it, and the complete ineffectiveness of his performance in the unlikely case of his perfect success. Then, two violins concertante, which, either in unison, or in separate parts, have all the florid passages, while the two violins ripieno have either a simplification of these same passages, playing, for example, only the accented notes, or a wholly independent accompaniment of very much easier character; an accommodation of the composer's ideas to the powers of his executants, that must have been far more agreeable to the players than to the hearers, insomuch as it would be difficult to imagine a greater confusion of effect than the performance of the whole must produce. Finally, there are the viola and the continuo, by which last is considered the organ and the string basses, and these are written with regard to compass and difficulty much as the same parts would be written at the present day, it being only peculiar that the bass part has frequently a simplification of the passages of the bass voice, which are often doubled in unison notation by the viola, a system of instrumentation admirably calculated to carry on the confusion inevitable from the singular arrangement of the two sets of violin parts.

The vocal score is confined to four parts, soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, and these are, with the exception of the soprano, written with the most independent disregard of difficulty, both as to compass and execution, the tenors being written up to A with the same indifference as that with which one would write the same note for the pianoforte, and the passages for the three lower parts make the nearest possible approach to impracticability.

It is a conspicuous characteristic of this work, in common with much of the music for full orchestra of Handel, that, both as regards counter-point and instrumentation, (I use this last word in its modern technical sense of the combination and distribution of the several parts of the score with reference to the quality of tone and the clearness of effect to be produced therefrom)—I say it is a characteristic of this work as regards counterpoint and instrumentation that each of the parts appears to be written rather with a design to make it independently and individually interesting, than with a comprehensive view to the general effect; thus, we have some of the most irregular and otherwise unaccountable progressions between some two or more of the parts, (such, for example, as between the horn and the bass in the first bar of page 27, and between the horn and the concertante violins in the last bar of the previous page), and an utter disregard of clearness which modern experience estimates in the highest quality in orchestral writing; but we have also, not in common with Handel, the immensely broad, the truly colossal ideas which manifest themselves through all the entanglement of pedantic and useless elaboration, and which make the name of the great author of the *Messiah*, a synonyme for sublimity; nor those occasional extremely judicious dispositions of the parts which anticipate the utmost that has been attained in modern times. One might suppose that the habit in composition of the period when this music was produced, must have been to form some general but not very definite purpose as to a progression of harmony, and then to write all the several parts, each without especial reference to the others, the whole process being more or less analogous to the system of Gothic architecture, in which every particular detail is the subject of especial design. In the case

of Handel, the analogy may be continued to the massive grandeur of the general effect; in the case of Bach, I greatly question if this would be realized.

Throughout the present work, there is more aim at expression than in anything else of the author, with which I have been previously acquainted. There is also an obviously recognisable form in each of the movements, although this is for the most part somewhat monotonous, and there is, especially in the *Arias*, a decided, definite, rhythmical phraseology. The art of imitation, I mean the responsive taking up of some particular point from part to part of the score, is so evidently familiar, so obviously natural to the composer, that he plays at elaboration like a game, and treats the most complicate artifices of the musician's repertory as toys invented but to be trifled with. The power of continuity also, the most difficult and the most estimable attainment of the practised artist, is manifested throughout with the most effortless and natural fluency. Upon the whole, the work may be candidly considered as a model to the student of what to avoid, while the accomplished musician may learn from it more that will enrich his utmost acquirements, and enable him to embellish his best ideas, than will ten times repay him for the careful study of the score,—I say, careful study, because I am certain that except the utmost care be exerted to discern between the good and the evil, and some considerable knowledge brought to bear, to direct this discernment, the result of a perusal of such a composition, influenced by such a reverence for the author as would induce, and therefore accompany it, the result of such a perusal would be most questionable.

The first movement comprises the first stanza of the hymn. There is no indication of tempo, but one may judge from the character of the music, which is, in accordance with that of the words, more or less joyous and exultant, that it is intended for an old-fashioned, steady Allegro. It partakes in some degree of the pastoral style of the admired movement in the same twelve-eight measure of the famous concerto of Corelli in honour of the Nativity. The chief subject is a phrase of one bar, which is elaborated with profound skill, and almost without cessation from beginning to the end. It opens with a long symphony, which is repeated entire at the conclusion. Then we have the whole tune of the Corale, on which the Cantata is founded, given in lengthened notes by the highest voice, while the other three vocal parts accompany it with a counterpoint, formed of the closest and most intricate elaborations of the phrase that has been already copiously developed in the introductory symphony, and the development of which is still further extended in the interludial passages that separate the several strains of the Corale. The second strain of the Corale is itself subjected to the same style of fugal treatment, being given to the tenor in shorter notes than those of the soprano part, and formally answered in the same measure by the alto, in the key of the fourth above. The first three strains of the Corale are given a second time with different words, and the counterpoint of the other parts is also precisely repeated, and this repetition, which constitutes a very considerable portion of the movement, forms also a very important feature in the plan. The great ingenuity of this piece lies in the elaboration of a fugal subject as a counterpoint to a Canto Fermo, after the manner of the well-known movement in C minor, in the Finale to the second act of the *Zauberflöte*, in which the plain song is chanted in octaves by the two Armed Men against the fugal counterpoint of the orchestra. Its chief interest lies in the avoidance of perfect cadences, and in the always unexpected manner in which the Corale is harmonized. The chief objection to it,—I feel the delicate ground upon which I tread in stating objections to the work of one

who is universally, most zealously (it may be in some cases blindly revered), but I will have the one great merit of sincerity, whatever be the deficiency of these remarks, and I can have no such veneration for the reverence of others as to make me disguise my true opinion of the object of their reverence,—the chief objection to this movement is the intolerable harshness of many of the progressions produced by a particular system of passing notes, which Beethoven has adopted in some of his last works (for example, in the first movement of the grand Quartet in B flat), but which even the emulation, the strongest approval of such a master, cannot justify. No, until it can be maintained that consecutive fourths, and consecutive sevenths, and consecutive seconds in the same parts are euphonious and agreeable, nor Bach, nor Beethoven, nor the reverence of all the world, shall induce me to admit that they are allowable in harmony, or make me admire the passages in which they occur. As for such obscurity as is produced by one instrument playing the scale of F major, while another plays the scale of D minor, or such confusion as is created by passages of passing notes being accompanied by passages in arpeggio in the same measure, these are faults that have come down to the writers of our own day, not, I believe, because they are not considered to be faults, but because of the occasional difficulty of avoiding them;—it is much, very much to be regretted, that those who judge by precedent and not by principle, should have such a precedent as Bach for such derelictions. The plentifully abundant diatonic sequences that prevail throughout are peculiar to the age: the sequence is a figure of composition that is now much less in use than it was formerly, and very much to the advantage of modern music is its comparative disuse; for, though very rarely, a passage may accumulate force by the frequent repetition of a phrase successively a note higher or a note lower, if more than most rarely applied, this artifice has an effect of staleness, flatness, and insipidity, that makes music in which it is profusely employed, wearisome in the extreme. It is of importance to notice that the general phraseology, especially of the florid passages, though quite unlike what I may call the musical idiom of the present time, is quite distinct from that of Handel—the only other musician of the period in whose works all the world are interested; and this is valuable to the reputation of both composers, insomuch as what has been by many supposed to be a conventionality in Handel common to all the writers of the age, is thus shown to be a peculiarity, or, if you will, a mannerism of his, utterly unlike to the analogous peculiarity of his illustrious contemporary. Before dismissing this movement, the most important portion of the work, I would propose that, were its performance practicable, to realize the effect that is suggested by a perusal of it, it would be indispensable to have a much greater power of voice upon the soprano part, which has the simple Corale, than upon any of the others; and I make this proposition as being the most likely form of expression to convey to a reader who knows not the music an idea of the effect it would be likely to produce.

Reviews of Music.

“THE RAT TAT; OR, POSTMAN'S POLKA.” BY A. POSTAGE STAMP, Esq. Addison and Hollier.

With the proviso that there is too much repetition in the second part of the polka (in B flat, the polka being in D), in which the Postman's Knock, however, is aptly typified, we may pronounce the “Rat Tat Polka” as one of the liveliest, prettiest, and neatest polkas sent to us for some time. Care should be taken in the next edition to correct a typographical error in the third line of

the first page, where six B's come against six A's, instead of six G's, which would be much more congenial to the unoffending A's, which, by the substitution, would find themselves much more at their ease (E's) in the dominant chord. The engraver must have been half-seas (C's) over when he allowed so many bees (B's) to sting an innocent chord of the 6—5—3 on C sharp. Another time he will see (C) sharper. We congratulate, however, A. Postage Stamp, Esq. on his "Rat Tat," which, if he will put in an envelope, stick himself upon it and address it to one of our country cousins, we are sure that the rat-tat of the real postman bringing the "Rat Tat" of A. Postage Stamp, Esq., with himself stuck upon, as aforesaid, will be much more welcome than double knocks in general, especially when they announce the Postman's petition for a Christmas Gift, or a New Year's Box.

"LAURA"—By J. F. DUGGAN. Campbell, Ransford, & Co. A remarkably graceful song without words, in D. The melody is expressive, and the harmony musician-like. It is short, easy, and unpretending, but does not, for that, less merit the epithet of "charming," which we apply to it with genuine sincerity.

CAPRICCIO for the Pianoforte—Introducing the Russian National Hymn from Jullien's Grand Opera, PIETRO IL GRANDE—Composed by R. ANDREWS. Jullien & Co.

A showy and brilliant piece, demanding a bold player and a dexterous finger, which, founded as it is, on the very noble melody, "Sons of Rusland," which Jullien assigned to Tamberlik and the chorus in the first act of *Pietro il Grande*, cannot fail to find admirers. Mr. Andrews did wisely in selecting such a theme, and has expended all his talent and industry in making a worthy frame for it in the shape of a fantasia. He has succeeded to his heart's content, and we invite attention to his Capriccio.

"EUGENIE"—Mazurka de Salon—Par F. EDWARD BACHE. Addison and Hollier.

Another tribute—and by many degrees the worthiest of the three, which is not bestowing on it any extravagant amount of praise—to the Empress of the French, who, being unfortunately endowed with a romantic name, is likely to be visited with all sorts of inflictions in the shape of musical bagatelles, vocal and unvoiced, inscribed with her pretty *nom de plume*. The occasion is tempting, and musicians or, perhaps rather, music publishers are as much courtiers as ministers, or even journalists, when the turn serves.

Mr. Bache, however, is too young, and his talent is, we think, too promising to allow of his giving himself up as eagerly to the love of mammon and the contempt of art as any of the numerous tribe, who, having no knowledge of art, and as little reverence for it, falsely assume the name of artists, and practice business as hawkers. Having said this, we are ready to allow that "Eugenie" is as good as a mazurka de salon need be, and better than the large majority of such things. Musically speaking, although equally brilliant and quite as well written for the instrument as the Galop from his pen, which we recently noticed, it is much less attractive. Nevertheless, being easier, it will probably find more purchasers, if not more admirers.

"THE EVENING STAR QUADRILLES"—By J. HENRY POLLAND. Addison & Hollier.

If not startled by the originality, edified by the elaboration, or scared by the difficulty of Mr. Polland's Quadrilles, the hearers will doubtless be pleased with their tunefulness and their appropriateness to their destined object. The second figure is very pretty; but, in some places of the third, the harmony is decidedly objectionable. The F against the E—line 3, bar 3—may be specially noted.

"FAIR EMPRESS OF MY SOUL"—Napoleon to his Bride. Campbell, Ransford, and Co.

Here is another and a vocal offering to that lovely and exquisite lady who now half fills the throne of France. The melody is very simple, but not the less completely expressive of the very simple words which Louis Napoleon is supposed to address to his adored

and adorable bride. To speak seriously, this ballad is one of those trivial catch-pennies, which, however they may serve the occasion, are forgotten immediately afterwards; and we must confess that we never met a song which, poetically and musically, more richly merits oblivion. The authors have prudently refrained from printing their names on the title-page.

"THE SEA SIDE POLKA"—Composed by FRANCOISE SCHILLON. Addison and Hollier.

We should not at all be surprised next summer at hearing the "Sea-side Polka"—which is embellished with a very pretty lithograph of a smack, two gabards, a buoy (not boy), a phare, a church, three windmills, some horses, small craft, a gull, a dows and a cloud—at one of the libraries—Brighton, Ramsgate, Margate, Hastings, Worthing, or Dover—when the polking public, unable to do without its bath, can no more do without its polk than at Bath. It is really very lively, and lies well for the hands, while the skips to the extreme upper notes of the key-board—the habitual residence of pianoforte echos—give a sparkling effect, which, if not missed by the player, will be remarked by the hearer.

"THE EUGENIA POLKA." By J. G. CALLCOTT. Campbell, Ransford, and Co.

The "Eugenia Polka," with its cornet-a-pistons *ad libitum*, its two trios and its coda, is one of those pleasant trifles which Mr. Calcott knocks off with such ease. We presume by the name that it is intended as a compliment to the Empress of the French, and we recommend her to apply to A. Postage Stamp, Esq. to lend himself to the back of it, so that it be transmitted forthwith by post to that angust personage. We are quite sure that the author of "Rat Tat" is not a jealous Polka writer. He has too much sense for that.

MUSICAL WINTER EVENINGS.

The third concert, and the best of the present season, took place on Thursday night, in Willis's Rooms. The attendance was a regular musical union attendance, crowded and brilliant, composed of aristocrats, fashionables, rich burghesses, celebrated artists, and well-known critics, all connoisseurs, all lovers of music, and all anxious to listen and be delighted. Mr. Ella may judge from this assembly that the Musical Winter Evenings are at length as firmly established as the elder institution, to which amateurs flock in the spring and summer months. Let us, however, give the programme without further preamble:—

PROGRAMME.

Quintet, in G. No. 2. Op. 33	Spohr.
Sonata, in D. Op. 10. Pianoforte	Beethoven.
Quintet, in E flat	Mozart.
Grand Trio, in C minor. Op. 66	Mendelssohn.

Impromptu Solos. Pianoforte.

EXECUTANTS.—First Violin, Herr Molique. Second Violin, Mr. Mellon. First Viola, Herr Goffrie. Second Viola, Mr. Webb. Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Pianoforte, Herr C. Halle. Vocalist, Madame Doria.

We are grateful to Herr Molique for bringing forward the Quintet of Spohr, one of his best chamber compositions, and certainly the best for five stringed instruments. We are equally grateful to him for the admirable style with which he executed the work of his brother composer and compatriot, which abounds in difficulties, the chief part of which fall to the share of the first violin. It is not, however, properly speaking, a first violin quintet, the parts for the other instruments throughout, being rich, elaborate, and ingenious. The public were delighted with the work, and the scherzo, in which the perfection of Molique's mechanism was remarkably exemplified, was re-demanded. The wish

of the audience, however, was not complied with, doubtless, in consideration of the unusual length of the programme. Emboldened by the decided success of the quintet, Mr. Ella, in a spirited improvisation, informed the audience that it would be repeated at the fourth and last concert of the Musical Winter Evenings, an announcement which created unanimous satisfaction.

Mozart's quintet, his fifth and last, though not, we think, his best, was equally adapted to display to advantage the peculiar characteristics of Herr Molique's playing. A more finished piece of execution, and indeed, one more thoroughly in the Mozarcean spirit, was never heard. As an instance of mere mechanical perfection, we may cite the admirable precision and neatness with which the continually recurring shakes, that form a peculiarity in the subject of the first movement, were executed. Equal praise is due to Piatti—the violoncellist of violoncellists—who, in both quintets, maintained his reputation as a performer of classical music. M. Goffrie must also be noted for the rapid improvement he is making on his newly adopted instrument—the tenor, and Mr. Webb played infinitely better than at the first meeting. Mr. Alfred Mellon, the second violin, who always plays like a good musician, played like a good musician, which he is, and was of material consequence in the perfection of the *ensemble*.

The pianist was Charles Hallé, who never, in our remembrance, played more superbly. The sonata in D, though an early work, contains some of Beethoven's profoundest thoughts. The first movement is unsurpassed in vigour, and some of the progressions sound as new and fresh as though they had been written yesterday. There is a world of passion and eloquence in the *adagio*, in D minor, which, up to the last few bars, where the C sharp of the dominant harmony comes against the tonic D, as a pedale above and below (a point which all musicians will remember,) preserves its character of intense grief. The minuet and trio are graceful trifles, and the finale, with its incessant pauses—something like those of the last movement of the great trio in D—is one of the most capricious, coquettish, and irresistible of Beethoven's lighter rondos. Mr. Hallé thoroughly understood the character of each movement, and read and executed the movements like a master. The sonata created the deepest sensation.

Nothing could possibly surpass the effect of the sonata, except what happily came after, viz. the trio by Mendelssohn in C minor, No. 2., for piano, violin, and violoncello, which we earnestly believe to be the finest trio ever written, but which is too generally known and too often played to require description. The performance of this masterpiece by Hallé, Molique, and Piatti, was in all respects worthy of it. Every movement was followed by the loudest applause, and the impetuous *scherzo*, irresistible as ever, was re-demanded by the whole audience, who this time would hear of no denial, and after the repetition seemed very much inclined to ask for it again. Though executed with astonishing rapidity, not a single note assigned to any of the three instruments was lost—not the smallest detail passed unobserved. The pianoforte was one of the recently manufactured from the house of Broadwood, and never, even by that eminent firm, has an instrument been made with a finer and more equal tone, or greater brilliancy and clearness throughout.

The instrumental performances were once interrupted by a clever and very attractive German song, "Voglein, wohin so Schnell," the composition of Herr Goldberg, (Published by Boosey and Sons) which was sung by Mad. Doria, and accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer. We have already paid tribute to the beauty of this lady's voice, and are pleased

to be able to add that she sang more sensibly and well, and with less exaggeration of style, than on any previous occasion when we heard her. The song and the singer were listened to with pleasure.

The entertainment terminated with what Mr. Ella designates in his programme as an "Impromptu Solo," but which, as faithful historians, we must describe as a highly finished performance of one of Mendelssohn's best pianoforte pieces—a capriccio in E, from the set dedicated to Mr. Klingemann, for which Charles Hallé, by his frequent performance of it, has declared a strong predilection, which we heartily share.

In conclusion, we must add that Mr. Ella never presented his subscribers with a performance in every respect more satisfactory.

Miscellaneous.

MR. E. AGUILAR gave a *soiree musicale*, at his residence, on Saturday last, which was fully and fashionably attended. Mr. Aguilar introduced some of his latest compositions with great success. Two *morceaux*, entitled "Minna et Brenda," produced a marked effect, from the perfect manner in which Mr. Aguilar played them; and from their intrinsic merit as *Morceaux de Salon*, they are sure to become favourites. The Viscountess Combermere, who very much admired them, requested Mr. Aguilar to dedicate them to her when published. Mr. Aguilar was assisted in the instrumental part by Herr Jansa, who performed some of his compositions for the violin in his accustomed excellent manner. The vocalists were, Miss Birch, Miss Bassano, Madame Ferrari, Mlle. Herman, and Signor Ferrari—artistes whose names are a guarantee that great pleasure was derived from listening to them. We must specially name that a trio of Macfarren's, sung by Miss Bassano, Madame and Signor Ferrari, elicited marks of general approbation; and that the *soiree* gave general satisfaction to all present.

MR. W. S. WOODIN has removed his amusing entertainments of the "Carpet Bag" to the *Salle Robin*, in Piccadilly, where a numerous audience fill the theatre every night. Mr. W. S. Woodin's is one of the most successful entertainments that has been produced for a long time.

HARP UNION.—A meeting took place at Erard's Rooms, on Tuesday, when the following classical works were performed:—Grand Sonata, for two harps (Mozart)—Mr. H. J. Trust and Mr. T. H. Wright; Nocturne for three harps (Oberthür)—Messrs Trust, T. H. Wright, and Boleyne Reeves; Grand Duo Brillante for two harps, on Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* (Oberthür)—Mr. Oberthür and Mr. T. H. Wright; Grand Trio for three harps (Ferd. Ries)—Messrs, T. H. Wright, Boleyne Reeves, and Mr. H. J. Trust; Sonata Pathétique for two harps (Beethoven)—Mr. Oberthür and Mr. T. H. Wright; Duo Concertante in B flat (Dusek)—Mr. Boleyne Reeves and Mr. T. H. Wright; Wedding March, *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn), arranged for four harps by Oberthür—Messrs. Oberthür, T. H. Wright, Reeves, and Trust. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a highly fashionable audience were present, among whom we noticed the Baroness de Rothschild, Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy, Mrs. Cheape, Miss Dupuis, the Misses Harvey, Mrs. Dalrymple, Mrs. Prest, Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Queckett, Miss Scott, the Misses Berkeley, the Misses Garnier, the Misses Goldsmid, Miss Bigg, Mr. Bigg, Mr. C. A. Cole, the Rev. T. Halford, Colonel Steele, Captain Montressor, Captain Fyers, &c. &c.

MADAME CASTELLAN.—This universally popular, most charming and engaging artist, has arrived in London from the continent to renew her engagement at the Royal Italian Opera. Madame Castellan has lately been pursuing a career of extraordinary brilliancy in Lisbon, with our own tenor, Swift; and, according to all reports, retains her voice as fresh and pure as ever.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Philharmonic season is about to commence, the first concert being announced to take place on Monday evening, the 14th inst. The society have been been making exertions to bring forward, in addition to their *repertoire* of the standard orchestral works of the great masters, compositions

either new or unknown to the public. Two "trial nights," as they are called, have taken place, at which a number of such pieces have been privately performed, with a view to judge of their fitness to be brought forward at the concerts of the season. Among these there are symphonies and overtures by Mèhul, Cherubini, Beethoven, Schubert (the famous composer of German songs), and Schumann, whose works are at present creating a great sensation in Germany. In regard to their merit, there will probably be difference of opinion; but there can be no difference of opinion, we presume, as to the propriety of having them performed; for the musical public ought to be enabled to form their own judgment of new foreign works which have gained a certain celebrity and it is the duty of such an establishment as the Philharmonic Society to furnish the opportunity of doing so.—*Daily News*.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC.—The *Creation*, performed on Wednesday evening by this society, gave much satisfaction to the subscribers. Mrs. Sunderland, Miss C. Henderson, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Phillips sang the solo parts very effectively. We must, however, enter our protest against any alteration in the text of the air "With verdure clad." It is so beautiful in itself, that we are surprised an artist of so much general good taste as Mrs. Sunderland should be led away from the right path. We hope to hear Mrs. Sunderland sing it another time in its integrity. The chorus was very numerous and the orchestra, as usual, up to the mark. Mr. Surman has evidently taken great pains to drill his corps to the utmost efficiency; and his labour, judging from the effect produced on Wednesday night, has not been thrown away. The hall was well filled by an intelligent audience.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB held their second meeting of the season on the 21st ult., at the Freemasons' Tavern, E. Goldsmid, Esq. in the chair. A variety of glees and madrigals were performed most effectively by the professional members of the club, Messrs. Barnby, Foster, Land, H. Gear, D. King, Turl and Lawler. Solos were given on the pianoforte by Mr. Neate, and on the violoncello by Mr. Aylward, K.A.M., and afforded the company much pleasure. Mr. Lawler sang a clever song by C. Horsley, and Mr. Land gave his own new ballad "Why linger so long?" in addition to the "Lass o' Gowrie," and Lover's "Sally, why not name the day?"

MR. R. S. PRATTEN, first pianist at the Royal Italian Opera, has returned to town for the season.

RE-UNION DES ARTS.—The committee of this society have taken the house, No. 6, Harley-street, formerly called the Beethoven Rooms, and the first meeting took place on Wednesday, the 23rd of February. The avowed purpose of the society is to supply the want of an institution, where professors and admirers of the arts may meet together for the mutual exchange of thoughts and feelings—the enlargement, and at the same time, relaxation of the mind. The rooms were beautifully decorated and lighted, choice collection of pictures and busts were most tastefully arranged in the front room, and a very interesting selection of music was performed in the concert-room, in which Mesdames Maria Doria, Fitzwilliam, Lablache, and Messrs. F. Lablache, Silas, Blumenthal, Jansa, Goffrie, Hennen and Reed exerted themselves, *con amore*. We noticed most of our first artists and professors of music in friendly converse with each other, and spontaneously joined by some members belonging to the highest aristocracy; wherever we looked we saw a realisation of the purpose of the society, viz., fraternisation of the professors and admirers of the arts; and a more delightful evening could not well have been spent anywhere. We cannot resist mentioning, amidst some beautiful pictures, a most spirited and artistic sketch of a battle by Herr Zwecker, evidently a first-rate painter.

Mr. T. ROBINSON's grand concert at Liverpool will take place at the Philharmonic Hall, on the 10th inst. Messrs. Hallé, Molique, and Hatton, and Mesdames Maria Doria and Fitzwilliam are engaged for the occasion.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Judas Maccabaeus* was repeated last night with increased effect, and in presence of a crowded audience. Sims Reeves sang more magnificently than ever. If our great tenor goes on improving as of late, both Mario and Tam-berlik will have to look out for their laurels.

MUSICAL INSTITUTE.—The Fellows of this society have resolved themselves into sub-committees, to consider music in its various branches, and in its relation to science and literature.

MADDIE CLAUSS, will arrive in London on the 14th inst.

LINDPAINTNER arrived in London on Thursday.

QUARTET CONCERTS—CROSBY HALL.—The fourth of Mr. Dando's concerts took place on Monday. The selection was none the worse for containing nothing new. Old friends are ever the more welcome when our intercourse has been interrupted by others of less familiar and more doubtful aspect. The *points d'appui* of the programme were—Mozart's Quartet in B flat (No. 8), Spohr's, in E flat (No. 1), Haydn's, in D major (No. 10), and Beethoven's Grand Sonata, in A minor (No. 47). The additional engagements were Mr. W. Dorrell (pianoforte), and Miss Dolby. The performers readily availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them by Mozart's Quartet (the showy one, in which each instrument in turn takes the lead in a modest obligato), of giving the audience "a taste of their quality," to which their hearers warmly responded. Jomelli's dramatic recitative and song, "All' idea tuti," was given by Miss Dolby, with her usual subtle and eloquent reading. Spohr's Quartet, which the number proclaims to be an early one, has the vernal bloom of the writer's genius upon it, and was relished accordingly. Beethoven's grand *sonata*, for pianoforte and violin, is unquestionably a masterpiece of the kind. How finely is the wild and fiery dash of the *Presto*, in A minor, contrasted with the deep, still beauty, and matchless grace of the "Andante con variazioni." The concluding *Presto* is worthy of the rest. There are few—perhaps none—of Beethoven's pianoforte works that are more generally and more justly admired than this. The sonata is a sharp trial to both performers, the difficulties being pretty equally divided. The sonata was followed by Sig. Piatti's song, "Sun of the golden day." The verses, rare in the annals of song-writing, have a touch of æthereal fire—*ecce signum*.

Sun of the golden day,
Whose burning brow lies hid
Under the clouds that play
Around thy wave-dashed bed,
Arise again! or send one ray
Bright as thyself, to cheer my way!

Star of the opal morn,
Venus, Apollo's bride,
Leave me not thus forlorn
To roam without a guide!
But sweetly shine,
Thou pledge sincere,
Until my love appear!

Mr. Piatti's version is smooth and harmonious, but he has not caught with entire felicity the æthereal spark in the lines. Haydn's Quartet concluded the selection admirably. If this work cannot be called "one entire and perfect chrysalite," it is abundantly *Haydn-esque*. The *Adagio* and *Minuet*, especially, are vigorous and "fresh as the early May." The Quartet was played with the care and finish which intelligent artists will always bestow on a work worthy their best exertions. The fifth concert will take place on Monday next (the 7th), and the last on Monday, the 21st.

THE HARMONIC UNION.—This society will perform Mendelssohn's *Elijah* on Tuesday evening at Exeter Hall.

THE AMATEUR SOCIETY, which is gaining such strong hold of the public, and making rapid progress as a musical body, commences operations on Monday night at the Hanover Square Rooms. A distinguished and talented amateur, Miss Gabriel, will play a concerto on the pianoforte.

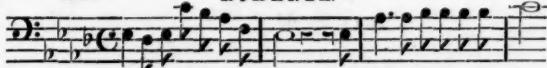
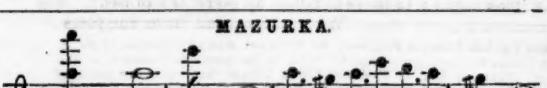
CANTERBURY.—On Monday evening, Miss Rose Braham, well-known at Exeter Hall and other London Concerts, made her first appearance before a Canterbury audience. This young lady is one of the best ballad singers we have heard for some time, and this opinion seemed to be entertained by every one present. She was encored in every song. We trust we shall have the pleasure of hearing her soon again.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Herr Pauer's Concert, &c., next week.

JUST PUBLISHED—SELECT SONGS AND PIANO-FORTE PIECES FROM
JULLIEN'S GRAND OPERA, "PIETRO IL GRANDE."

A "Grand Opera" from the hand of M. JULLIEN was to be desired and to be expected. We now have it in a form that does not disappoint us; and self-interest, in looking to the future, as well as gratitude in looking to the past, might alone induce the English public to help forward, with their hearty countenance, a man of genius who is advancing earnestly into his proper sphere.—*Britannia*, 21st August, 1852.

Vocal Music.	Poetry.
<p><i>andantino</i> LAMENTO.</p>  <p>Oh! Heav'n! hear my pray'r, hear my pray'r! Spare, oh, spare one for lorn,</p>	<p>O Heav'n! hear my prayer! Spare, oh! spare One forlorn, Left to mourn, With no heart her woes to share! Ah, me! Far from home Forced to roam, Hope on earth</p> <p>None have I, Save to lay me down and die! Once hope was shining o'er me, And pleasure smiled before me, Each day did joy restore me, And life flow'd gently by! But hope now hath flown, And life's last light is gone!</p>
<p><i>amoroso</i> ROMANZINA.</p>  <p>Leave me not! leave me not, with-out one kind word or sigh!</p>	<p>Leave me not, leave me not, Without one kind look or sigh! Thou, my star and treasure only! Wanting thee, my life were lonely Leave me not, leave me not, Or leave me here to die!</p> <p>O stay! O stay!—One moment stay! Perhaps this hand I press In death's cold grasp may soon remain! Those eyes no more may bless My soul with light again! Leave me not! leave me not!</p>
<p><i>andantino</i> MARITIME MELODY.</p>  <p>Be-loved Zaar-dam! fair smil-ing home! whence peace and joy</p>	<p>Beloved Zaardam, Fair smiling home! Whence peace and joy Ne'er seek to roam!</p> <p>The heav'n unites With earth and sea, A Paradise To make of thee!</p>
<p><i>andante</i> SCENA.</p>  <p>Fare-well, Fare-well, — thou humble cot-</p>	<p>Farewell, farewell, thou humble cot, These hands with pride have toil'd to raise! On earth to me, what other spot Can lend the charm of tranquil days?</p> <p>Beneath thy roof no fears I knew, Nor anxious thoughts with me did dwell; We part—this heart remains with you, My humble cot, farewell, farewell!</p>
<p><i>nobile</i> ROMANZA.</p>  <p>Oh, dear-be-loved master, hear! The friend who long has serv'd thee well,</p>	<p>Oh! hear beloved master, hear The friend who long hath served the well. Unto his words, oh! turn thine ear, Nor against his fervent prayer rebel.</p> <p>Awake from this hour's fatal dream; The voice of an empire obey! The light of her glory seeem, And turn not from her hopes away!</p>
<p><i>andante</i> ARIA.</p>  <p>Yes, thou'rt gone, and gone for ev-er.</p>	<p>Catherine, I know not where to seek thee; In vain on thee I call! The guests in crowds assemble, And gladness reigns around. Yet 'mid the gay and glittering throng</p> <p>Their Emperor hopeless pines. An Emperor!—Yet, ah! why? If I alone might sigh, And dream of joys no more! * * * * * Yes, thou'rt gone, and gone for ever!</p>
<p><i>maritale</i> NATIONAL HYMN.</p>  <p>Sons of Russland fam'd in story, Firm of heart, sincere, un---changing.</p>	<p>Sons of Russland fam'd in story! Firm of heart, sincere, unchanging, Never from truth or valour ranging, Honour's star still shines before you!</p> <p>'eal and patriot love that souls make strong Peace and freedom for your cause have won! While high gallant deeds all nation's own, Sha'fame resound your power and glory!</p>
<p><i>allegro</i> COSSACK WAR SONG.</p>  <p>With youth --- less sword we strike the foe!</p>	<p>With ruthless hand we strike the foe! Our home is on the battle plain, Where groans arise 'mid heaps of slain! Death to all—no mercy show! When the cannon roar around, And deep thunders shake the ground, Thro' the flame and smoke we ride Dealing death on every side!</p> <p>And should some trembling wretch, With lifted hand, for pity pray, And plead for wives and babes, Left sad and lonely, far away; Shall we, to softness move'd, our ma- shame? No, * * *—</p>
Instrumental Music.	Opinions of the Press.
<p>QUADRILLE.</p> 	<p>From the TIMES.</p> <p>M. JULLIEN'S new opera, <i>Pietro il Grande</i>, was represented for the third time on Saturday night. The music improves on closer acquaintance—a strong testimony in its favor. Instead of three encores there were four, on both occasions; and on both the audience remained till the end. There is, to speak faithfully, much to admire in <i>Pietro il Grande</i>. In the first act, the choirs of soldiers and peasants, the madrigal, the scene of Pietro's arrival, the Russian hymn, the quartet, the ballad of the Cossack, the scene of the duel, and the scene of Reasonak's Cossack war-song, the quartet, duet for Catherine and Peter, and septet; in the third, Catherine's prayer, Leont's romance, with double-bass obligato, and the dramatic scene for Reasonak & the conspirators; these, with the waltz and <i>Holloisse</i> (act 1), and the mazurka (act 3), are fair proofs of M. Jullien's talent as a dramatic composer. That the opera, having so many good things to recommend it, will be a favorite with the public, we can hardly, we think, be doubted.</p>
<p>VALSE HOLLANDAISE.</p> 	<p>From the EXAMINER.</p> <p>Our space compels us to give but a brief account of the details, and we must content ourselves with merely mentioning the chief musical features. The chorus of the <i>vendeires</i> of the dockyard behind the scenes, is extremely pleasing; and Madlle. Anna Zerr's opening cavatina, "O mio gentil," is gracefully written, and the variations written for a <i>sol d'exception</i>, light and sparkling. No one has ever disputed M. Jullien's great taste both as a melodist and harpist, or his original talent for musical description in short pieces. His astonishing fertility of ideas, and facility in metre and rhythm, which is the charm of orchestral, as well as poetical combinations, were universally acknowledged; but his astonishing <i>genie</i> in the <i>opéra-comique</i> created a presentiment amongst you every-day, that there were his <i>forte</i>, and that he had tried to push his flights to the breaking down. Just as it was said, he had composed <i>Messalino</i> and <i>Le Prophète</i>—"I could not attain to the <i>opéra</i> of Bryson; it was said how could Jullien enter the lists with the authors of <i>Messalino</i> and <i>Le Prophète</i>? He has done so, however, and though resembling none of his peers, has proved himself as genuine poetical blood as either of them."</p>
<p>MAZURKA.</p> 	<p>From the LITERARY GAZETTE.</p> <p>M. JULLIEN'S <i>Pietro il Grande</i> was at length brought out at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday, the delay having added to the popularity, and the event so novel. The performance has proved that M. Jullien is a man of real employment, and a leader of light Terpsichorean harmony. No one has ever disputed M. Jullien's great taste both as a melodist and harpist, or his original talent for musical description in short pieces. His astonishing fertility of ideas, and facility in metre and rhythm, which is the charm of orchestral, as well as poetical combinations, were universally acknowledged; but his astonishing <i>genie</i> in the <i>opéra-comique</i> created a presentiment amongst you every-day, that there were his <i>forte</i>, and that he had tried to push his flights to the breaking down. Just as it was said, he had composed <i>Messalino</i> and <i>Le Prophète</i>—"I could not attain to the <i>opéra</i> of Bryson; it was said how could Jullien enter the lists with the authors of <i>Messalino</i> and <i>Le Prophète</i>? He has done so, however, and though resembling none of his peers, has proved himself as genuine poetical blood as either of them."</p>
<p>PULTAVA MARCH.</p> 	<p>From the MUSICAL WORLD.</p> <p><i>Pietro il Grande</i> was repeated on Saturday and Tuesday, for the third and fourth times. The success of the last performance is quite superior to any of the preceding. Indeed, the attendance on Tuesday was one of the most brilliant and fashionable of the season—despite the time of year, when the town is nearly empty—and the reception of the opera throughout was nothing short of enthusiastic. Jullien was recalled after each act and the favorite pieces, the Madrigal, Russian Hymn, and Gustow, were encored with vehemence. The weekly journals have proved themselves strong in faith and appreciation, as may be gathered from the following extracts supplied elsewhere. The success of <i>Pietro il Grande</i> is beyond all compare, and we have no doubt it will prove a decided success on the continental stages, and in the <i>opéra-comique</i> of the Royal Italian Opera.</p>

